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THE
 Auricular Confession
 OF
 TITUS OATES
 TO THE
 Salamanca Doctor,
 His CONFESSOR.

Reverend Father,

IT is now that unlook'd-for time of day, that the titular *Saviour of three Nations*, not prick'd with the most pungent stimulations of a guilty Conscience, but enveloped with black despair, and careless of any portion of Heaven, lies prostrate at your feet, not in hopes of *Absolution*, (being more than the *Roman-See* can dispence) but humbly begging your attention till I enumerate some darling Peccadillo's of mine, the repetition whereof may, peradventure, be as grateful to your ear, as to the Impenitent that relates them: And give me leave to marshal them in order, as they are more or less nefarious in the judgment of the conscientious.

ATHEISM.

This has been, I frankly own, my bosom-friend,* and Co æval to my capacity of reasoning, as may be seen by my asserting the mortality of the Soul, against the opinion of my dear decaated Dr. *Tonge*, in the time of our prosperity at *White-hall*; Nay, if you take it not for truth, (since spoken by me) I'll refer you to our Friend at *Colledge's Trial*, (pag. 49.) who avers, *That I have confounded the Gospel, and deny'd the Divinity too.*

ODOMY.

Let the World deny me guilty of this if they please, I could produce you a whole *LANE* to prove it once.

APOSTACY.

The very Jump you see me wear, indicates my aversion for my late long Robe, and for the Profession that enjoyns the wearing it. I assum'd it to serve the *Cause*, (the only Deity I adore) and that meeting with a damn'd Rub, or total Defeat, I am at liberty from all observation of Formalities.

PERJURY.

This is as natural to me, as Milk to a Calf; I could swear *Impossibilities*, possible; *Contraries*, agreeable; *Contradictions*, consonant; *Wotton* and *Islington* all the same spot of Earth; To *know*, and *not know* a man at the same time; and that the numerical Body of *Titus* was in two distinct Kingdoms at the same instant; *cum multis aliis, quæ nunc, &c.*

This

TREASON.

This is the rotten Disease of our Party, so contagious in it self, that no change of Air can help the affected ; nay, of so leperous a quality, that it corrupts Generations yet to come, and inexistant ; no *Bolus* can help the Patient, no Pill purge him, or any thing prove a restorative, but that whereof (alas !) there is no prospect, a Potion prepared by both Houses of Parliament, and administred by the King. The Disease is so desperate, and the Remedy so inaccessible, that I will only leave you to your censure, whether I (the most active in all Villainies) am behind any of my fellows in so black a Crime.

INGRATITUDE.

Witness, when this Conspiracy had another face, under that Vizard I had a bountiful exhibition, as a Discoverer : Yet nothing could deter me from appearing brazen fac'd in vindication of the Innocence of our *St. Stephen* at *Oxon*, tho' guilty of conspiring the Death of my King and Patron, together with all the ills that might have follow'd thereof.

RAPE.

I can with confidence assure you, that of all the Catalogue of Crimes, I am of this only Innocent, having the strongest aversion imaginable for the use of Women the right way. This likewise clears me of Incest.

MURDER.

If ever I was guilty hereof, it was only in an innocent way of false Swearing ; but the more immediate and butcherly part thereof I leave to that Armipotent Pugil, the Brass-Silver hammerer at the sign of the *Cris-Cross*, or *Gallows* ; or to my Brother *William*, the Horse-kidnapper, at his Appartments in the other World.

I understand the Law says, *Crimina majoris culpa sunt minoris infamiae* ; therefore I leave out *Misprision of Treason*, *Burglary*, *Larceny*, and all other such-like inconsiderable miscarriages, as too mean, and unbecoming the grandeur of so culminate a Delinquent.

Under this complication of Iniquities, obdurate and remorseless I labour ; of a *Preserver*, I stand in a fair way for the *Gallows* ; what a plague shall I do ? To anticipate Esquire *Ketch* I have not the Courage ; besides, the *Tories* would say I did it in imitation of a *felo de se* of Honour, as not having so prolifical a Brain as to devise any other gentiel way of *Exit*. I will not be positive ; however, I will differ in mode and circumstance, tho' we agree in the main ; for, *sub sigillo confessionis*, I tell you, I will mount that Monument that bears *Patience's* sham-Inscription of the Conflagration occasion'd by the *Papists* ; I will view the City round ; cast my eye upon treating *Wapping*, and weep ; then turn towards the *North* ; (*Oh ! that Name puts me in mind of hospitious Bethel.*) I will sham the Law ; evade all manner of rhetorical flourishes ; throw my self over the Balconey ; break my Neck ; and post to the Devil.

And thus my Friends may see, tho' Fate fix'd me not in so high an Orb as some of my fellow-Conspirators, our Ambition was not disproportionate ; for I'll die as soaring a Traytor as any of them all.